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"A UNION OF THE WHIGS FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION"—WISE.

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AGENTS.

Col. R. M. Cochran, Mechanicsburg, N. C.
Chas. W. Harris, Mid Grove, N. C.
R. W. Allison, Concord, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	MOON'S PHASES.
15 Thursday,	7 13 4 48	For December, 1839.						
16 Friday,	7 13 4 49							
17 Saturday,	7 13 4 50	New	5 9 50 even.					
18 Sunday,	7 13 4 51	First	13 4 51 after.					
19 Monday,	7 13 4 52	Full	20 7 53 moon.					
20 Tuesday,	7 13 4 53	Last	21 7 54 before.					
21 Wednesday,	7 13 4 54							

BUREAU ECONOMY.



ADVANTAGES OF COOKING FOOD FOR ANIMALS.

Water with certain combinations with vegetable substances, may be considered as converted into a nutritious and sometimes solid food. Every one is aware that a given quantity of maize meal, or any farinaceous substance, will afford much more nutriment when boiled, than a much greater quantity in an uncooked state. Count Rumford states in his essays, that for each pound of Indian meal employed in making a pudding, we may expect three pounds nine ounces of the pudding, and he says again, that three pounds of Indian meal, three-fourths of a pound of molasses and one ounce of salt, (in all three pounds thirteen ounces of solid material,) having been mixed with five pints of boiling water and boiled six hours, produced a pudding which weighed ten pounds and one ounce. The gain of weight in rice is more considerable than that of Indian or maize meal, but in either, it is so great as to demonstrate most conclusively the advantage of cooking, for experiments show that the gain in nutritive power of the cooked food is at least equal to the gain in weight.

That water is capable of conversion into a nutritive solid, is proved by the experiments of De Saussure in the formation of sugar from starch by the action of sulphuric acid. He says, "that as starch boiled in sulphuric acid, and thereby changed into sugar, increases in weight without uniting sulphuric acid or any gas, we must conclude that starch sugar is nothing else than a combination of starch with water in a solid state." It is perhaps owing to this addition of water in a solid form, that sugar is so much superior to starch as a nutritive substance. Some persons may doubt that water ever becomes solid unless frozen; but if they will take the trouble to weigh a few pounds or ounces of quick lime, and then mix it with water, and note its increase of weight, they will have their doubt dispelled. In cooking food, such as the grains, or potatoes, it is clear the water combines with the farinaceous matter in boiling, adding as necessarily to its weight, as when mixed with the lime. Every farmer, or housewife, can, if they will take the trouble to weigh the ingredients used in making a pudding of Indian meal, satisfy themselves of this increase in weight, and by observing its effect as food, test the value of the cooked material over the uncooked or uncombined ones.

SELECTED FROM VATTEL'S LAW OF NATIONS.

The government ought carefully to avoid every thing capable of discouraging the husbandman, or of diverting him from the labors of agriculture, for the cultivation of the soil, is not only to be recommended by the government on account of the extraordinary advantages that flow from it, but from its being an obligation imposed by nature upon mankind. The whole earth is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, were it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share: and it has no right to expect or require assistance from others, any further than as the land in its possession is incapable of furnishing it with necessities. Those people, like the ancient Germans, and the modern Tartars, who having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose rather to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts.

There are others who, to avoid agriculture, would live only by hunting their flocks. This might, doubtless, be allowed in the first ages of the world, when the earth, without cultivation, produced more than was sufficient to feed its few inhabitants. But, at present, when the human race is so greatly multiplied, it could not subsist, if all nations resolved to live in that manner. Those who still retain this idle life, usurp more extensive territories, than they have occasion for, were they to use honest labour, and have therefore no reason to complain, if other nations more laborious, and less closely confined, come to possess a part.

The plantation embraces about 1900 acres of unbroken rich and arable land of the chocolate color. It was the patrimonial estate of Mr. Madison's father, who lived and died upon it. The soil has been cultivated for nearly a century without manuring, and still it produces abundantly. Its crops have often amounted to 24 hogsheads of tobacco, worth \$200 per hogshead; 4000 bushels of wheat; 6000 bushels of corn, besides flax, hemp, and all kinds of vegetables, and a large quantity of the choicer fruits. There are about 100 head of cattle, mostly of the North Devonshire breed, and a few of the Dorset. The former are thought to produce the most superior working oxen, the latter the best cows. There are perhaps two dozen horses, 50 sheep, and a quantity of poultry.

The number of slaves upon the planta-

tion is about 100, 40 or 50 of them only work-

ing hands. They are scattered in little settlements over the farm, and reside in distinct families and comfortable dwellings. Each family raise their own pigs and poultry, eat meat twice a day, and have meal, vegetables, milk and fruit without restriction; are comfortably clad, and appear happy and contented. They have the privilege of attending the church every Sabbath, and sometimes on the week day nights. They will tell you that Mr. Madison was the best man they ever saw, and speak to you of Mrs. M. as one of the kindest and most excellent of mistresses. They work a saw and grist-mill for the plantation and neighborhood, and employ a carpenter, blacksmith, cobbler, weaver, &c. So

MR. MADISON'S HOMESTEAD.

A letter in the *Madisonian* of Saturday, gives the following interesting account of a visit to Montpelier:

Montpelier is situated on the west side of the Green Mountains, 37 miles North east of Charlottesville, in the County of Orange, which adjoins Albemarle on the north. Within ten miles of Montpelier you reach Barboursville, the residence of the Hon. James Barbour, late Governor of Virginia. The Governor's farm comprises about 5,000 acres of land, and produces 2,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000 bushels of corn, keeps 150 head of cattle, 300 sheep, 200 hogs, and 50 horses. There is a fine dwelling house, and numerous and commodious outbuildings, besides cabins for the Governor's 200 blacks, of the most comfortable construction.

The Madison Mansion is an oblong brick building of two stories, besides the basement, with a portico on the east and west, each extending the height and length of the building, and a wing of one story and a basement, at each extremity, with a tower on each. The main body of the house was built by Mr. Madison's father—the wings were added by Mr. M. A beautiful lawn containing about eight acres, opens from the eastern portico, and is bordered by rows of lofty trees.

We need but look into the interior of the dwelling to observe how exactly every thing accorded with the exalted taste and intellect, as well as the religious character, for which Mr. Madison was distinguished. You observe a great variety of busts, paintings, and prints have been chosen to decorate his abode. Among the number, you will see some old Flemish paintings representing our Saviour's death, burial and resurrection; and other scenes from Scripture history. Here are busts of all the Presidents down to Jackson exclusive; and among others, Paul Jones, Gen. Alexander, Lafayette, Barlow, Gallatin, Clay, &c. In his valuable library you will find a just mixture of law, politics, history, belles lettres, poetry, science, philosophy and divinity; and among the latter subject, you will observe, truly conspicuous, the productions of John Edwards, Witherspoon, Gill, Doddridge, &c. &c. From such sources, no doubt, he derived valuable aids to those reflections which determined those exemplary moral habits characteristic of his useful life.

Mr. Madison's reports on the Debates of the Convention that formed the Constitution, it is generally known, were purchased by Congress of Mrs. Madison, for \$30,000, and the three large volumes they will comprise are expected soon to be published. The original writings of Mr. Madison, now principally in unpublished manuscripts, are far more voluminous than the Debates, and many of them are his most valued production.

The surviving relatives of Mr. Madison now living at Montpelier, we may be permitted to say, are Mrs. Madison, who although advanced in life, retains that dignity and affability of manner, and that equableness and serenity of temper, that gave such a charm to the house of her husband, whether, in public or domestic life; Mr. Paine Todd, who was the private Secretary of the Commissioners at Ghent, and Miss Paine, a niece of Mrs. M. These form the whole of this happy and delightful family, who are seldom left to enjoy exclusive retirement, even if it were desirable, the social and hospitable character of Mrs. Madison always attracting numbers of intelligent visitors, to whom her house is ever freely open.

The remains of Mr. Madison lie in the adjacent family cemetery, with those of his father and his mother, by his right side, and room on his left for those who may follow him. Many relatives are interred within the same enclosure which is covered with box and ornamental trees, and the whole surrounded by a neat brick wall. The father of Mr. Madison died when Mr. M. first entered on his duties as Mr. Jefferson's Secretary of State. The mother survived till within a few days of the death of her son. She was a remarkable woman and resembled her son in mind and appearance.

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WHIG STATE CONVENTION.

Report of the General Committee

Mr. M'QUEEN, from the General Committee, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

We have approached the performance of the duty assigned us with a just degree of sensibility to the eventful nature of the crisis which hangs with the most frightful symptoms of fatality over the destinies of our country. We have yielded the most patient and profound deliberation to the present posture of our political interests, which a brief compass of time would permit; and we have reached the firm, but painful conviction that a more sudden transition from glory to gloom, from strength to imbecility, from moral sublimity to mournful degradation, and from a blissful fruition of all the choicest elements of national felicity to a season of painful desolation, was never recorded upon the page of faithful and impartial history than that over which the American patriot is now doomed to mourn with the most affecting sadness.—Since the present administration ascended to power, our Government, which was instituted to serve as a sanctuary of refuge and security, to the natives of every clime, has been converted into an armory in which the most fatal instruments which can be wielded against the political rights of the citizen are forged in perilous profusion.—Glaring incapacity, deep corruption, gross perfidy to the most sacred pledges, vindictive malice, and an insatiable lust for gain, have gotten possession of the lofty eminences which were once adorned by matchless wisdom, untainted purity, inviolate fidelity, embodiing magnanimity, and by perfect disinterestedness of heart. And when the American citizen with anxious solicitude, now searches for a spring of health for the political maladies which infest our country, instead of recognizing it in the constitutional ark which has been consecrated by the blood and wisdom of the patriarchs of the revolution, he is driven to that guarantee for the safety of popular freedom which has been hitherto recognized as valid only in despotic Governments—"the vigilance of the people."

In Great Britain, it is a maxim of conduct with the people which has been sanctified by the usage of centuries, to hold the most prominent minister responsible for any disastrous results which may flow from the measures which are commenced and consummated during his ascendancy in the councils of state. If this maxim should be enforced with even a partial degree of rigor in this country in reference to Mr. Van Buren, where and at what point would the popular maladies terminate? For twenty years previous to his entrance upon his duties, the American confederacy was blessed with a harvest of social and political blessings which has never been surpassed, either in purity or plenty in the history of civilized man. We behold maritime enterprise spreading its broad folds on the surface of every sea, and earning the precious reward of its aspirations and labors, unmixed with the starting apprehension that its fair and most substantial achievements were shortly to be reduced to dust and ashes by the ever changing measures of the Government. We behold the Farmer sowing his ground with the joyous anticipation that a rich harvest was to spring from the bosom of the earth to requite his toils. We behold the Merchant providing himself with all the component elements of matter which pertain to his vocation in life, and cherishing the fond assurance that he was to become the participant of fresh comforts, when these ingredients should be wrought into articles of human consumption and use. We behold in truth, all the professions prospering in peace and in vigor beneath the benign auspices of Government, and contentment and happiness spreading in a broad and reviving wave from one extremity of the Union to the other. But we are doomed at the present cheerless period to dwell upon a national picture, the dark shades of which are not soothed by a single cheering ray but that which bursts from the latent virtues, energies and resolution of a free and enlightened people. And if these redeeming qualities in the character of our people were exerted in the period of our revolution for the attainment of prospective and uncertain blessings, with what unrivaled perseverance should they now be applied, when the noblest possessions which ever descended upon the path of man are all put in imminent hazard, when all the elements of human prosperity have been thrown into a state of deplorable confusion and when all the different pursuits of man have been brought into a destructive state of collision by the mad experiments of Government.

At what period in the history of our Government did we ever witness such frequent fluctuations in the price of agricultural commodities, as we are now constrained week after week to deplore? When have we ever overlooked the farmers of the country in the distribution of the offices of Government? Is it Democratic to prosecute an unceasing war upon the use of credit in trade which constitutes the vital blood of the prosperity of the people? Is it democratic to bring the patronage of the Government openly, constantly and irresistibly to bear upon the freedom of the press and of the elective franchise? Is it democratic—i.e. consistent with democratic principles—that he should increase the expenses of the Government to more than 39 millions of dollars per year, when the fact has been irreversibly established, that fifteen millions of dollars will conduct its operations with vigor and facility? Is it in accordance with his own professions of democracy, to resort to every possible expedient in order to fix the Sub-treasury upon the people of this country after they have twice declared themselves explicitly and unequivocally against

of currency, whilst at the same moment be it

was earnestly imploring the Congress of the United States to issue thousands of the same sort of paper to rescue the Government from its embarrassments? When have we been presented with an opportunity of observing such deep and confirmed callousness to the interests of the humbler classes of our population on the part of an American President, as that which aimed to strip the honest traders of this confederacy of the privilege of borrowing capital with which to prosecute the usual transactions of trade? And where, amongst the recorded deeds of the rulers of mankind, will we be adequate to the task of tracing the lines of such flagrant turpitude as that which Mr. Van Buren has evinced in striving to imitate banking institutions, in the creation of which he himself was an active and influential participant? It is a well established fact, that with an eternal profession of faith to the United States Bank playing upon his lips, and with the sword of destruction continually waving in his hand, against that institution, Mr. Van Buren himself once petitioned for the location of a branch of it at the political emporium of New York. It is an equally authentic portion of his history, that he is now exerting the whole scope of his power against all the banking institutions of the country, when the influence of that party to which he belongs has, within the brief space of time, been established with a capital of more than ten millions of dollars. In Mississippi, a Legislature, devoted to the late and the present Administrations of the Government, raised the amount of banking capital from six to nearly seventy-five millions of dollars. In the great State of New York, a hundred banks, exclusive of innumerable loan and trust companies, have been established into existence and a larger share of banking capital into circulation, than ever sprang into being within ten times the same space at any former period. In New Hampshire and Maine, which are each devoted to Mr. Van Buren, banks have been multiplied and banking capital increased, since the Van Buren party became entrusted with the reins of power, to an almost incredible extent. Within the same limits of time, the State Bank of Alabama has been established with a capital of more than ten millions of dollars. In Mississippi, a Legislature, devoted to the late and the present Administrations of the Government, raised the amount of banking capital from sixteen to fifty-four millions of dollars. And in Pennsylvania, also a Jackson and Van Buren State, the amount of Banking capital has been changed from sixteen to sixty millions of dollars. And yet, with all these broad and stubborn facts to impress upon the mind of the American people, a vivid and enduring conviction of the extensive agency which Mr. Van Buren has had in the erection of Banks—he is held up with rapturous applause to the world by his friends as the implacable enemy of Banks, whilst he himself has no hesitation in placing himself in the absurd and unnatural position of aiming at the destruction of these ill-fated creations of his own power and influence.

Whilst we are scanning the most prominent facts in Mr. Van Buren's political history, we cannot refrain from submitting to the consideration of the Convention the utter fallacy and hollowness of all his professions of devotion to the creed of Democratic faith. Was it Democratic to vote for the Tariff in its most odious and repulsive forms—a measure which was universally allowed to be founded upon a strained construction of the Federal charter? Was it democratic to vote for the erection of toll gates upon the Cumberland Road—a measure which is admitted on all hands, to embrace the essence of Federal doctrines? Was it Democratic to support Do Witt Clinton, the Federal Candidate for the Presidency, and Rufus King, the federal candidate for the national Senate, during the late war with Great Britain? Was it democratic to sustain General Jackson's proclamation, issued during the troubles produced by the Nullification era? Was it democratic to sanction the expunging resolution which aimed a vital stab at the liberty of the Senate, the principle ark of safety which has been provided by the constitution for the rights and freedom of the people? Was it democratic to indulge in a strained construction of the Nullification era? Was it democratic to vote for the Tariff in its most odious and repulsive forms—a measure which was not only regarded as doubtful, but as a glaring infraction of the provisions of the Constitution, by many of the most enlightened politicians in this country? Is it a course which presents a democratic complexion to exclude more than two thirds of the qualified and virtuous men in this country from those offices for which their ancestors shared the bitterness of every sacrifice and braved the perils of every conflict merely because they disagree with him in political sentiment? Is it democratic to overlook the farmers of the country in the distribution of the offices of Government? Is it Democratic to prosecute an unceasing war upon the use of credit in trade which constitutes the vital blood of the prosperity of the people? Is it democratic to bring the patronage of the Government openly, constantly and irresistibly to bear upon the freedom of the press and of the elective franchise? Is it democratic—i.e. consistent with democratic principles—that he should increase the expenses of the Government to more than 39 millions of dollars per year, when the fact has been irreversibly established, that fifteen millions of dollars will conduct its operations with vigor and facility? Is it in accordance with his own professions of democracy, to resort to every possible expedient in order to fix the Sub-treasury upon the people of this country after they have twice declared themselves explicitly and unequivocally against

Let us next inspect the peculiar charms which Mr. Van Buren has presented to the American public on the ground of qualifications. If he has performed one act which entitles him to the reputation of possessing ability of a high order or to the character of being a patriot, jealous for his country's honor, he has been such a faithful observer of the commands of the holy scriptures as to have performed it in secret, that he might be openly rewarded. For the world, after long, repeated, minute and persevering inquiries, has been left in a state of unmitigated darkness on the subject of his public services. At the bar, a second rate lawyer; in the state Legislature, a trumpery managing, mousing, trafficking and incooperative politician; in the Senate hall of the nation, a luminary whose feeble twinklings were scarcely visible; as a foreign minister, a caterer to the prejudices of royalty at the expense of his country's honor; in the Executive chair of his native State, a mere guide-post to steer his party in their schemes of personal aggrandizement, and as President of the United States, the mere apex of his party to reward and punish agreeably to the vibrations of the needle of

his own interest—if Mr. Van Buren possessed of eminent intellectual qualities or attainments; it has been his peculiar misfortune to have impressed not a single document or speech upon the public records of his country to perpetuate the recollection of the fact, and to refresh the memories of those who might be disposed to skepticism on the subject.

If then Mr. Van Buren is neither capable nor faithful, is his history adorned by shining proofs of integrity of heart? Was he animated by the principle of magnanimity which lends such an engaging charm to the human character, and which is so much admired in the daily transactions of men, when from the basest views of personal aggrandizement, he involved Mr. Calhoun in a bitter personal controversy with General Jackson? Was he animated by a lofty and high-toned spirit of honor, when he entangled the President and his Cabinet in a labyrinth of inextricable difficulties with each other? Was he governed by correct views of moral propriety, when he was resorting to the most disgraceful expedients to undermine the illustrious De Witt Clinton, whilst he was at the same time indulging himself in the most extravagant and sordid professions of devotion to that illustrious benefactor of his native State? No! We submit the humble but confident belief that the stem of true honor could never flourish in a soil which could engender such a rank and noxious weed as either of these acts.

Your Committee after having concluded this rapid survey of the character of our present Chief Magistrate, are forcibly drawn to the inquiry, whether there be any prospect of relief from the sad and inconsiderate ill which his imbecility and unmanagement have entailed upon our country! We rejoice in the belief that a sovereign corrective for all our present political grievances would be realized in the election of HENRY CLAY to the office of President of these United States. For during the darkest period of his country's peril, he has proved an unfailing resource, a hope which never came in vain. In the late war with Great Britain, he was the solid pillar of his country's strength in the hall of debate. His thrilling trumpet, during that eventful season, was unreservedly employed in raising the enthusiasm of Congress to its most exalted pitch—in augmenting the appropriations necessary to the successful prosecution of the struggle, and, consequently, in communicating an irresistible share of vigor to the sinews of the national strength. In the diplomatic transactions of Ghent, he was the soul of the deliberations which occurred on that memorable theatre of negotiation; and to his wisdom and sagacity has been almost exclusively attributed the glorious success which crowned the efforts of the American Commissioners. During the pendency of the Missouri question, a question which brought the South in hideous array against the North on the subject of our slave relations and convulsed the Union from its centre to its extremities, he was the chief stay of southern confidence, and the firmest pillar of its hopes. To his fervid eloquence, cogent reasoning, and dexterous management of men may be safely attributed the happy deliverance of the country from the perils of that stormy and threatening period. A brighter instance of magnanimity and patriotism never yet broke upon the consciousness of man, than was exhibited in his deliberate surrender of his predilections for the Tariff policy, at the shrine of his country; and it is highly probable that this unexpected yielding up of his own cherished and deep seated convictions respecting the policy of a favorite measure, may have rescued his country from scenes of civil war, bloodshed and carnage, which have only been surpassed by the desolating thrones of Revolutionary France.

So your Committee is presented with three conspicuous and imperishable proofs of the patriotism of this illustrious Statesman which are believed to have exerted an important agency in rescuing his country from the vortex of perdition. In every aspect in which his character can be surveyed, Henry Clay has not only proved himself to be the friend, but the zealous, the enthusiastic and the uncalculating and disinterested friend of his country. His whole political life is nothing else but a fair instructive, enchanting history of patriotic feelings exercised in their most engaging and beneficial form; and whilst his friends and admirers are prepared at all times to produce the most splendid evidences to illustrate his singular devotion to his country, the most embittered enemy he has on earth will fail, egregiously fail in the attempt to point out a single act he has performed, or a single measure he has supported in the course of his public career, which was tinged in the faintest degree with selfish or personal hue.

But it is not in the public sphere alone that Henry Clay arises to the judgment of his countrymen robed in brilliant and inviting attractions. He is one of the noblest living monuments of excellence in all the private and social relations of life which has ever refreshed the moral vision of man.

As a father exemplary and affectionate; as a master benevolent and indulgent; as a neighbor, affable, kind and sincere; as a citizen, faithful in the discharge of all the duties of life. There has been rarely, if ever, a human being on earth who was more enthusiastically cherished by his neighbors than Henry Clay; and when we hear this testimony to the merits of his character, a portion of testimony too which cannot be successfully assailed, we ascribe to him a degree of virtue which forms a closing period to the conviction of his moral elevation. Having originated among the farming portion of the community, and being a skilful and devoted farmer himself, it may be fairly presumed that the interests of that numerous and deserving class of men will find a safe depositary in him, should he be elevated to the chief magistracy of the Union; for his sympathies both from birth and habit are all with them.

Are we presented with any encouraging circumstances to offer to our fellow citizens? We glory in the belief that we are,

We should not have despaired of success, even had the important State of New York decided adversely to his claims and to our own desires, in the recent election. We should, even under the influence of such a discouraging defeat as that would have been, have kept our pure and unsullied banner nobly spread to the breeze. We would have been moved for the combat by a deep and searching sense of the justice of our cause, of the preciousness of the principles for which we would have been contending, and by the awful perils impending over the destinies of our country. If, then, we should not have been dismayed by the certain prospect of losing such a powerful State in the scale of the confederacy, with what renewed and daily increasing animation and spirit should we advanced in the holy conflict for principle, and for our political redemption, after that influential community has thrown her overwhelming influence in the scale of the Whig party, and thus struck a blow which will cause the chief on his throne to quiver, and the menials around its footstool to sprawl with agonizing terror, a blow which will circulate like an electric spark from the Green Mountains of the North to the Gulf of Mexico, which will impart the animating flush of anticipated triumph to the Whigs in every part of the Union, and which, we fondly trust, will prove the guiding star of the East, which will mark the Bethlehem of our political redemption?

And whilst your committee has been deliberating with an anxious degree of solicitude on the peculiar qualifications, which might recommend some individual to the people of North Carolina as a fit and suitable successor—to our present pure and patriotic and enlightened Executive, Governor Dudley, our attention has been forcibly engaged by the practical energy, the sound republican principles, the distinguished intellectual vigor, and fervid patriotism which are embraced in the character of our cherished fellow citizen JOHN M. MOREHEAD of the county of Guilford, born, reared and educated among the honest yeomanry of North Carolina, all his heartfelt sympathies are with the people of this State. Severely disciplined by a constant performance of the practical business of life, possessed of enlarged and liberal views of the policy of the State, and having inflexibly adhered to the principles of the republican creed of faith in every political emergency which has thus far passed over the State, we recognize in John M. Morehead a citizen in every view of his character, whom we deem eminently acceptable to the people of North Carolina as a candidate for the office of Governor of the State.

A New York Woman.—Most of the ladies of New York imperceptibly imbibe the very spirit of the place, and some of them exhibit rare specimens of the fear-naught character of its more hardy citizens. An admirable instance of female coolness and intrepidity occurred a few days ago at one of the ferries, which communicate over the east river with Brooklyn. A lady, while in the act of stepping on board the boat, accidentally fell into the river. All was instantly hurry and perturbation on board the boat, and the most active steps were taken to rescue her from her perilous situation, except the proper one, for somebody ought at once to have jumped overboard for her assistance.

But this was not done; in the meantime they had got the cork float in readiness, and a line was thrown over for her to take hold of. A large number of people had gathered at the side of the boat and on the landing, deeply interested in her dangerous condition, but she, borne up by her garments, was floating carelessly and fearlessly on the wave, and while every body else was half scared out of their senses, she looked up smilingly and said—“Don’t be uneasy—I am quite safe I assure you!” This is fact—and we must acknowledge that it was one of the best instances of intrepidity and presence of mind we ever heard. The lady was soon relieved from her perils situation, and taken on board the boat.—N. Y. Tattler.

A Hardened Criminal.—Among the persons recently tried and convicted at Cincinnati, was a man who was sentenced to twenty years labor in the penitentiary for the crime of arson. He is supposed to have been concerned in all or most of the fires that occurred in Cincinnati during the summer, (except accidental fires,) as he is said to have confessed secretly to a comrade that he set eleven fires in the city during the summer, before the one for which he was convicted. He is notorious also as having been in the Ohio penitentiary, and escaped, and since in the Indiana penitentiary six years, the last four years of the time wearing twenty-eight pounds of iron on his legs to keep him from breaking away.

EBONY AND TOPAZ.—The North American of this city tells the following tale, which develops an operation relative to “exchanges” which scarcely comes under the financial head:

A carriage containing two ladies, who represented themselves as mother and daughter, stopped at the outer gate of the Alms House, over the Schuykill, on Thursday last, when the youngest informed the keeper that her mother was anxious to obtain a white child, an infant, if possible to adopt as her own, she having lately lost one. She was shown several, and at last made a selection that pleased her, and requested permission to show it to her mother who was in the carriage, and if it suited her, they would obtain an order from the Guardians of the Poor, and call in a day or two for it. The child was wrapped up in his cradle clothes and taken by herself to the carriage, and after a few minutes delay she returned and placed the babe where she found it, stating that they would call next day and take it away. The carriage was then driven off, and nothing further was thought of the transaction, until it became necessary to remove the child for some cause, when it was discovered that the white child had been taken by the persons in the carriage, and a black one left in its place!—Pennsylvanian.

From the New York Sunday Morning News. AUTHENTIC OCCURRENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Andre and Arnold.—Some days since, while in company with Samuel Cassedy, Esq. of Jersey City, he related to us the following anecdote connected with Gen. Washington. As every record of our revolution is eagerly treasured, and especially respecting Arnold’s treason, and this may be so definitely relied on, we requested Mr. Cassedy to give it to us in such a shape as would present intrinsic evidence that it could be relied on—which would be best effected by his permitting the relation to emanate from himself, with his name attached. To this publicity, it is but justice to him to remark that he strongly objected, but was persuaded by our earnest entreaties.

To the Editor of the Sunday Morning News:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I commit to paper some details given to me a few years ago by the late Governor Ogden, of New Jersey, in regard to an offer made by Gen. Washington to Sir Henry Clinton—to give up Andre if the Americans could capture Arnold.

I well recollect hearing my father say it was generally believed in the American army that such an offer had been made. On mentioning this to Governor Ogden, he immediately said he had reason to believe that the offer, if any there was, was made through him. I requested him to tell me the particulars—which he did, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:

“The American army lay at West Point, in the State of New York, and the British were in possession of New York, at the time of the capture of Andre. I received an order to repair the next morning at eight o’clock to Gen. Washington’s headquarters, with twenty-five horses—the finest looking that I could select. I repaired thither at the hour appointed.

Gen. Washington handed me a letter for Sir Henry Clinton, with directions that before I left the camp for New York, I should call and see the Marquis de la Fayette.

The letter of Gen. Washington was probably on some subject not at all connected with the real object of my journey.

“I went to the Marquis’ quarters, and he said to me—‘You must set off at such a time of day as will of necessity make it near night when you get to Powles Hook, when the commanding officers will no doubt invite you to stay all night, and you must insist on delivering that letter into the hands of the commanding officer there. You must tell him privately that if we can capture Arnold, Andre will be reprieved; and that you have a high authority for saying so.’

“I left the camp with my twenty-five

horse, and reached the foot of the Bergen hill about sundown. There was a strong fence drawn across the causeway, and we halted. I stated that I had a letter for Sir Henry Clinton from Gen. Washington, and that my orders were to deliver it into the hands of the commanding officer at Powles Hook, and to no one else.

“We were immediately admitted, our horses taken care of, and in the evening

after delivering the letter, I was invited to a supper with the officers there. I was seated on the right of the commanding officer, and some time elapsed before I had

an opportunity of delivering the message from the Marquis. I said to him, I am authorized to say that if the Americans can capture Arnold, Andre will be reprieved.

He seemed thunderstruck—and imme-

diately answered, ‘that must be immedi-

ately attended to. I will go over and see

Sir Henry Clinton. Do you sit still, and let it appear as if I have only gone out for

a moment on some ordinary matter of busi-

ness?’ He was gone about two hours, and returned and took his seat. As soon as he

had an opportunity to speak to me privately, he said, ‘Sir Henry Johns says a de-

serter never was given up.’

This statement is as exact as I can re-

peat it from memory, it having been made

to me by Governor Ogden from 8 to 10

years ago. I commit this to writing at

your particular request—as you thought

the circumstances ought not to be lost—

and that they should appear in an authen-

tic shape. While Gov. Ogden was living,

I thought it his sole province to do as he

pleased in relation to this Revolutionary

reminiscence; but as he is no more, I see

no impropriety in what I am now doing.

You will bear me witness, Mr. Editor, that

I wished you to publish the narrative with-

out my name attached to it; and that my

subscribing my name at all, is because you urged me to do so. I am, very re-

spectfully, your obedient servant.

SAM'L CASSEDY.

Jersey City, Nov. 4, 1839.

METALLIC GRIEF.—An old lady in the West

of England for twenty successive years had

darned stockings with the same needle; in

fact, as used was the needle to its work,

that frequently on the lady’s leaving the

room, it would continue to darn without her.

When the old lady died, the needle was

found by her relatives, and for a long time

no one could thread it, nor could they dis-

cover what obstructed the threads, when

by microscopic observation, they observed

a tear in the eye of it!

A DOWRY.—Purity of heart is of all others the most elevated of virtues. A Greek

maid being asked what fortune she would

bring her husband, answered, “I will bring

him what is more valuable than any treasure,

a heart unpotted and that heart with-

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Charlotte:

Thursday, December 12, 1839.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN M. MOREHEAD,
Of Guilford County.

AT Congress.—This body met according to law on the 1st Monday in December. A quorum of the Senate was present, but as was anticipated, the House did not organize on the first day—the contested election in New Jersey being a stumbling block. We copy the following notice of the two first day's proceedings from the *Minnesian*, of the 4th instant.

The organization of the House, after the call of the roll of members from the New England States and New York, was arrested by the Clerk of the last Congress, (Mr. Goshorn,) in pursuance of our Constitution; and, without any infringement of that instrument, no man can interfere to restrain its free exercise either by legislative enactments or physical force.

The territory of the United States is already so extensive as to make many difficulties for the stability of our Government and our Union. I cannot think it would be wise to enlarge it.

In relation to the admission of new States with the power to tax slaves, I need do no more than to refer you to my recorded votes against the admission of Missouri with this power.

That opposition which is not successful, though it may be, is not a perfect right, especially if it is not accompanied by a declaration of the right.

The Whigs will have sixteen Senators to thirteen, in the organization, and will probably fill the eleven vacancies, or as many of them as they choose, from their own ranks.

The House will then select two of the four among the persons voted for, who have the highest number of votes, and present them to the Senate; out of these two, the Senate chooses the Governor. Of course, EVERETT will be re-elected.

MARCUS MORTON.
Morton Esq., Bridgewater.

The following extract from the Fayetteville Observer speaks our sentiments. Nothing but unanimity in the Whig ranks can ensure success, therefore we go for any man who can best unite us:

The recommendation of Mr. Tallmadge for the Vice Presidency, by the Whig Convention, has been warmly disputed by two Whig papers, the Northern Spectator and the Wilmington Advertiser. It is always with the Whig party. If a candidate is not in every particular suited to our taste, some will either oppose him or stand neutral. It is true that Mr. Tallmadge voted for the Expanding resolution, under instructions from his State; and we see no little disposed to justify that vote as any man. But when he thought the Administration wrong, he abandoned it, and boldly stood up in the Senate and rebuked the whole crew. He ranged himself on the weak side, but the right side, and the consequence is, that he is now regarded in the estimation of New York, which could not have been effected without his aid.

We are not specially anxious that he should be the Whig candidate, though quite willing to support him. We consider it a minor point, not of sufficient importance to justify a difference of opinion.

ET What will Mr. Calhoun's friends say to the following. How the mighty is fallen!

MR. BENTON TRIUMPHANT. The trouble in the camp, we spoke of in our last, has been verified by the proceedings of the loco-foces in caucus. Mr. Pickens was first nominated for the office of Speaker, and advocated by northern locofoces. But a gentleman of the same party thinking that Mr. Lewis of Alabama could carry some votes that Mr. Pickens could not, proposed Mr. Lewis. This caused much agitation, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Jones of Virginia. He swept the course the first ballot. Still the difficulties were not settled, and Sunday was despatched by other orgies. Mr. Calhoun's friends properly insisted upon their rights to respectful consideration. But Mr. Benton, who watched every movement of his great rival, foreseeing the advantage Mr. Calhoun would gain over him by the election of his relative Mr. Pickens, entered the field of controversy, as we are informed, himself. We are told that he openly denounced the friends of Mr. Calhoun, and conjured his friends to "touch not the unclean thing"—that he personally attended their caucus, and reminded them of Gen. Jackson's denunciations of Nullification, &c. It is unnecessary to remark that Mr. Benton triumphed. Mr. Calhoun's friends were thrust aside, and Mr. Jones of Virginia was urged upon the field, as the party candidate for Speaker, and the representative of Mr. Benton, who is of course gratified.—*Advertiser*.

ET The Van Buren Men and Abolitionists. It is attempted by the Van Buren Press of this State to gull the people into the belief that the Whigs and Abolitionists of the North are in a league together, and not a Whig is elected but the charge of being an Abolitionist is immediately made against him, but nothing is ever said of men elected as Democrats. See extracts from the Standard and North Carolinian:

We congratulate the Democracy of the country on the result of the election in Massachusetts. It is admitted by the Federal papers in Boston that Morton, the Democratic Republican Candidate is elected, or that there is no choice.—*Advertiser*—*Standard*—*North Carolinian*.

Massachusetts.—It seems reduced to a certainty, that Morton (Democrat) is elected Governor of this State over Everett (Federalist) by a majority of more than five hundred votes.

The countenance of Daniel the "God-like" will fall, when this defeat in his own State reaches him. What! he will say, the hateful Democracy triumphant in the "cradle of the revolution"? The odious loco-foces, the abominable agrarians, victorious in the State where federalism in its purity has long been dominant? Then, "farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness." I shall never again be honored even as a candidate for the Presidency. I will retire to the banks of some rural stream, and raise potatoes, as my friend Hiddle does *Silk Worms*.—*North Carolinian*, 30th ult."

Now opening these extracts the candid reader would conclude that there was not the most distant tint of Abolitionism attached to the Democratic Candidate, but a perusal of the following letter from Morton himself, will materially change the aspect of things, and shows him to be an Abolitionist of the darkest hue.

NEWHANFORD, Sept. 28, 1837.
DEAR Sir: Your favor of the 18th inst., addressed to me at Tunxis, having been to Berkeshire, has just overtaken me in this place.

It will give me pleasure to make direct and explicit answers to your questions. Although I feel a reluctance to intrude my opinions upon the public, and consider myself restrained by my official situation from entering into a public discussion of the exciting topics of the day, yet I have no desire to conceal my sentiments on any subject.

To say that I am utterly opposed to slavery in every form, civil, political, or domestic, is saying very little; for how can any man under the influence of any moral or religious principle, or of any correct political notions, justify or excuse it? For one human being to hold others, when the Almighty has created his fellows, in bondage, is entirely repugnant to that principle of equality which is founded in religion or well as natural right, and has the high sanction of the Gospel as well as the authority of the Constitutions of our country; and which knows no distinction of race, or condition, or other relation of life, but includes in its benign embrace the whole human family.

Mr. Editor: Norvell, of the Nashville Whig, and Mr. Senator Norvell, of Michigan, are brothers. The former gives the latter the following very brotherly admonition: "We hope our Loco Foco kinsmen, of Michigan, will take warning from the signs of the times, and flee from the wrath to come. He has three years left in which to report of his political sins, and, to all fraternal kindness, we advise him to go about it straight."

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Massachusetts.

I deem slavery to be the greatest curse and the most pernicious evil, which a righteous God ever inflicted upon a nation, and that every effort consistent with moral duty and the Constitution and laws of the Union ought to be made to mitigate, and, if possible, to extirpate it from our land.

That Congress has the control of the whole subject within the District of Columbia, I am certain no doubt. I have seen two drayes of human beings, manacled and chained together, driven like cattle by a drover, under the walls of the Capitol, in which were assembled the Representatives of a People proud and boastful of their liberty. Can such things be suffered to continue without bringing down upon our nation the vengeance of an offended Deity? Whatever wisdom and justice may do to repair such a responsibility should be done.

The right of petition and the freedom of discussion by speech or of the press are among our most sacred and valuable political rights. Petition is the humblest form in which a rational being may assert or maintain his rights; and there can be no human creature so low and degraded that he may not approach the altar of the Universe, much above the selected robes of a free people, by prayer or petition.

There can be no subject, sacred or profane, which an American citizen has not a perfect right to discuss, openly and fearlessly, through discussion. It is a natural right, confirmed and guaranteed by our Constitution; and, without any infringement of that instrument, no man can interfere to restrain its free exercise either by legislative enactments or physical force.

The territory of the United States is already so extensive as to make many difficulties for the stability of our Government and our Union. I cannot think it would be wise to enlarge it.

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The House will then select two of the four among the persons voted for, who have the highest number of votes, and present them to the Senate; out of these two, the Senate chooses the Governor. Of course, EVERETT will be re-elected.

The Locos can no longer chant the beautiful ditty, composed for the occasion, and which runs thus:

Ship Massachusetts, once so sound,
No more on steady course can jog :—
Her crew have let her run aground,
While quarreling about their greg.
Raleigh Register.

DR. MONTGOMERY.—The last Standard contains a communication wrote by Dr. Montgomery, (as he elegantly expresses himself.) It is about as singular a specimen of mendacity, ignorance and folly, as we have ever met with.

He says, "We have had two Federal Presidents; both elected by Congress, and both, at the end of four years, were by the people rejected." The only two Presidents ever elected by Congress were Jefferson and the last Adams. This is the first time we ever heard Jefferson called a Federalist, and we always thought that he had served eight years. But Dr. Montgomey says not; and either the records of the country, or Dr. Montgomery, must lie. Any school boy can tell him which. The Wake District, containing the Capitol of the State, and the University, has reason to be proud of its representative. He shows such a commendable independence of all the old rules of orthography, and syntax, as must make the Professors of the University open their eyes; and his historical knowledge is perfectly original.—*P. O. Observer*.

WE perceive by some of the Virginia papers, that the clergy of Richmond have united in an address to the people of the State, in which the choice of Senators to Congress has been improperly deferred. We are informed, that the day of setting apart a day, to be observed as a "Day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the abundant blessings bestowed on them as a people," and recommend the 12th December for that purpose. We have long wished to see this good old New England customs obtain in the Southern States, and hope the example of Virginia, may be carried out by other States, that have not heretofore thought proper to annually set apart a particular day on which all secular affairs should be suspended, and all hearts unite in the offerings of praise for the many mercies that crown each rolling year. We would respectfully suggest to our State Executive, that a recommendation of a day for General Thanksgiving, emanating from that source, would undoubtedly give much satisfaction.—*N. Y. Whig*.

IMPORTANT.—The Baltimore Chronicle of yesterday contained the following paragraph.

We regret to learn that three gentlemen of this city, occupying respectable positions in society, were arrested and held to bail on Saturday, upon a charge of being concerned in fitting out vessels designed to be employed in the Slave Trade.

LOOK OUT FOR MORE MURKEL MEN.—A few

days since, two *gentlemen* in a carriage,

came into the neighborhood of Joseph Spurgen, Esq., in Davidson County, and sold a Negro to Mr. Jacob Yokely, for \$600. Mr. Yokely paid them in two horses, and \$100 in cash—after which they left the neighborhood. The negro seemed well pleased with his new home until Saturday night last, when he decamped, and has not been heard of since. The presumption is, from circumstances, that the whole was designed by the negro and men, to swindle Mr. Yokely out of his property. After the men left, he was seen to have a \$100 bill, and some specie. Mr. Yokely, is said to be an honest, hard-working man, but not so well qualified to judge between a *Murkel* man and an honest man. It would be well for some of our honest farmers and tradesmen to be on the alert towards strangers trafficking through the country, in negroes and other stolen property.—*Western Carolinian*.

A COURT MARTIAL was in session, for several months, at St. Louis, last summer, for the trial of Lt. Col. Brant, Dep. Q. M. Master General. The decision of the court has never been officially promulgated, but it was generally understood that it was unfavorable to the accused, who was convicted of defalcation and mal-practices. Col. Brant has since resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. Gen. Gratiot was not permitted to resign, but was dismissed the service with ignominy. Why this difference of treatment? Col. Brant is a near connexion of Benton.—*Fred. Arena*.

THE ALBANY ARGUS states that it has the authority of Mr. Galbraith himself for saying that the language imputed to him by the Meadville Statesman as having been used on a late occasion, in reference to a certain contingency on the meeting of the House of Representatives, "was not, literally or substantially, his language."—*Western Carolinian*.

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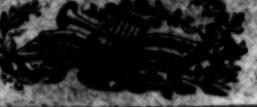
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POETRY.



The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing which we are acquainted with, in the Spanish language, except the works of Luis de Leon:

Oh! at the soul its slumber breaks,
Arouse its woes and woe,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern factor of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves no thought behind,
But grief at last;
How will our present happiness
Seems to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide,
Away we float;
Let us the present hour employ,
And drown each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let now have hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
Tomorrow than today.

Our golden dreams of years were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—

Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting dreams must be,
That into the engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;

The Sea of Death whose waves roll on,
Our King and Kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

All like the river's body tide,
All like the humble rivulet's gush

To that and wave;

Death levels poverty and pride,
And with you sleep side by side

Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:

Thus all our steps of last are brought,
That path alone of all unsought,

Is bound of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those gathering toys of earth

That live us here;

Dreams of a sleep that dust must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,

Ye disappear.

Long are the damps of death can blight,
The cheeks pale glow of red and white

Death passed away:

Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;

Age came, and laid his finger there,

And where are they?

Where is the strength that mocked decay,

The step that rose so bright and gay,

The heart's blithe note?

The strength is gone, the step is slow,

And joy grows wretchedness and we

When age comes on.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.
We copy the following detail from the doings of the St. Louis police office, as reported in the Bulletin of the 9th ult. We doubt not it is true in every particular.

George Mortimer Wardwell, a gentle and intelligent young man, of about thirty years of age, was brought up that morning on a charge of being drunk in the streets and disturbing the peace. He plead guilty to the charge, and evidently labored under the greatest emotion. When requested to give some account of himself, he replied:

"Sir—I have now arrived at that extremity of degradation which, long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my portion. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth when I first started in the world, my prospects and hopes were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife when I was twenty-eight years old, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you how I loved her! I see by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common loafer—that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstance. But I will proceed with my story."

Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations—and had a beautiful boy to bless me with his innocent endearments; we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receive my portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, (d.—him!) I set sail for England. My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and unrequent, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final step in regard to my wife's portion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, written by an old friend of my father's family, warning me to hasten home, if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business still unsettled, and arrived in time to find my heart desolate, my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the Orphan Asylum—an object of public charity!

Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my child under proper protection, I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge. At Montgomery, (Ala.) I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady, who he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious black-leg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile leaving his wife (my wife) behind, in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and followed him.

I fled with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans, and on making inquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave, had gone up on board some time since. I immediately embarked for that place, sir; and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take a passage on deck. I arrived here in a state of complete destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife or the villain Willoughby, I became disengaged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort. I mingled with the worst of the crew; and last night was persuaded by several others to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was my wife, sitting upon the lap of a disgusting ruffian, and resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered "even the wind of Heaven to visit too roughly," to his disgusting caresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house, invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of such misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation in which you behold me. Sir, nothing which you can inflict will be a punishment to me, and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP.

"Away out in Missouri," they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the houses there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the road side. After stepping into the bar room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating land-lady with this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I rather reckon we have."

"How many have you about this time that ain't no ways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take the room and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged—true, there was one room with eleven beds in it and only one gentleman.

"We must go there!" The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door, but it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty and all the eleven beds piled up in the centre of the room, with the traveller asleep on their top. They aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded "what in the world he wanted with all those beds!"

"Why, look here," said he, "strangers, I aint had no sleep these here eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for them, and hang me, if I don't mean to have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

Sources of Social Happiness.—As regards public happiness, statesmen and politicians too often forget that though good political institutions conduce to it, yet that they are but one means to the attainment of this end, and that more than these are requisite to make individuals and nations happy. The cultivation of good will, kindness, humanity, and all the gentler affections, are far more influential in the promotion of private happiness than the justest balance of the political constitution can be, so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is great, and has a large influence on national well-being, still it alone does not constitute happiness; and therefore it seems to me that those writers who devote their energies to the task of endeavouring to soften and improve the social affections, do incomparably more to promote the benefit of communities than those who have only in view what is more strictly designated "the public weal."—Curtis on Health.

THOMAS S. ALEXANDER

Informs his patrons and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the

TAILORING BUSINESS

at the stand formerly occupied by Alexander & Jamison, where he will be happy to receive the orders of his friends.

He flatters himself that by strict attention to business, he will continue to receive a share of the liberal patronage enjoyed by the late firm.

GOOD FITS warranted in all cases.

Sept. 2, 1839.

NEGROES FOR SALE.

In compliance with an order from the County Court of Mecklenburg, July Term, 1839, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at the State of Jas. P. Hunter, on Thursday, the 2d day of January next,

Mr. Moffat's theory of disease, may be had gratis at the office 375 Broadway.

The above medicines are for sale in Charlotte by

SAM'L COX, Administrator.

Nov. 25, 1839.

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Cash.

ALL those indebted, either by Note or Account, to the old firms of J. M. Morrison & Co., and Morrison & Harris, will please call and settle by Decr. 1st, as longer indulgence will not be given. The Notes and Accounts will be found at the Store of Taylor, Harris & Co.

B. A. HARRIS, 113

Dec. 3, 1839.

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